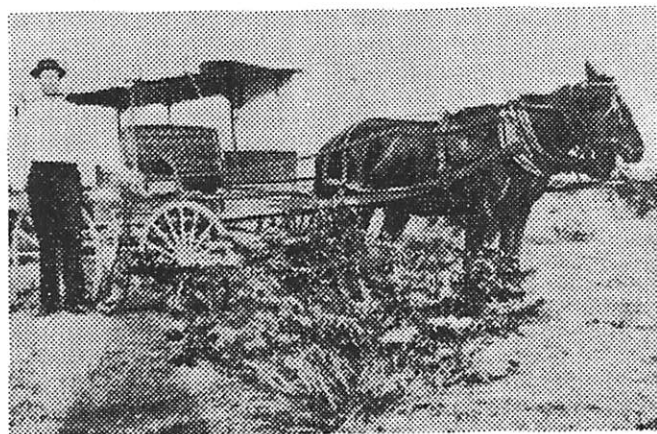
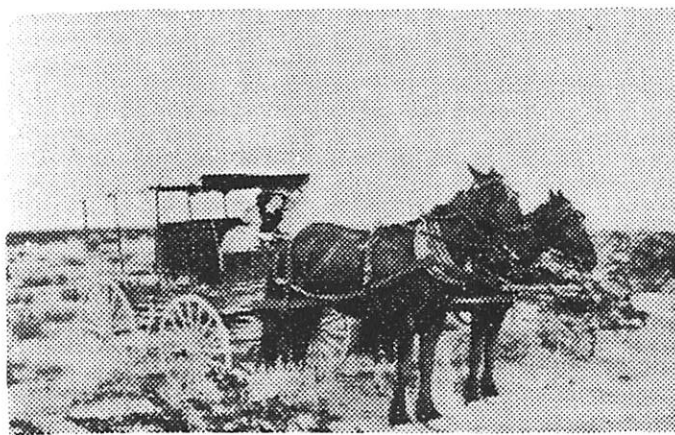


Each time Lila arrived from, or returned to, her family home via the train, Con met her in his rig at Moapa. It was thirty-five miles from the depot to Bunkerville.



Con courted Lila in his rig, 1912-1914

After teaching in the elementary grades in Bunkerville for two years Lila secured employment in Milford, Utah where she taught school during 1914-1915.<sup>23</sup> In the fall of 1915 she became employed in Jordan School District. The following letters were written by Con and mailed to Lark, Utah where Lila was instructing children in the first grade.

Bunkerville, Nev.  
Oct. 15, 16

Dearest Lilah:

I am either spiritually lovingly or dearly possessed this morning for I feel you nearer me than I have ever before. It seems that you are part of me in thot & action. I wish every minute we were together, it makes me awfully lonesome to hear of Milt spinning around in his car. I sure would like to be with him because I am close to you when I am around him. I hope our worry will soon come to an end & I guess it will; 60 days from today I will be planning & arranging a trip to the dearest girl on earth (to me at least). I don't think you need to worry about my [not] being there unless transportation is closed up by floods or snow or something.

Louis got Lillian a diamond the other day. They are at St. Thomas attending a mission farewell for Harvey Frehner. I am quite positive they are going to be married Xmas. I measured him up for a suit & he told me it was his marriage suit so I guess it's no joke. Albert and Juneta are developing the awfulest case & I quite believe Lamon & Ella. Gee Ella is fat, she was eating cane the other evening & broke one of her front teeth out. She says she is going to make a trip home to have it fixed.

Well dearie be as you have ever been & I am yours. I haven't changed since you last saw me. Breakfast is ready so I must ring off. Father is going to St. Thomas this morning. We have just had a fine rain. With love, wishes & kisses I am yours.

Con.

On the day of their marriage, Con and Lila were twenty-seven years old. After the ceremony in the Salt Lake Temple, January 10, 1917, the couple returned to Bunkerville and Lila was homesick. After going back and forth from Provo to Bunkerville for four years Con "pulled up his stakes" and brought his wife "back to her country." Years later he comforted himself with the thought that girls did not make cattle rustlers.

When Lila secured a seventeen acre piece of rich farm land north of Provo, Con attempted to make a living from the soil but the plot was too small, the national economy too low and he could not sell his harvest for a profit.<sup>24</sup>

In 1924, an opportunity came for Con to have steady work for the utility company as a traveling maintenance man to keep several plants in Utah and Idaho in repair. Con went in debt and purchased a Model T Ford and found driving conditions in the winter very severe. Cars were not equipped with heaters. The radiator of the vehicle had to be drained at night and in the morning the engine had to be cranked by hand with the hope that the motor would turn over without pulling a shoulder muscle out of place or breaking an arm—a sad but common occurrence. As soon

as the engine started, Con rushed back to the driver's side to advance the spark.

If he didn't get there in time the engine quit and he had to start all over again. When the oil got stiff it took a powerfully strong man to turn the crank. Often water had to be heated and poured into the radiator to help warm the engine. Salt bags were carried by the driver and rubbed on the windshield to make an opening large enough for him to see the road. Tires were fragile and flat too much of the time—usually caused by a horseshoe nail.<sup>8</sup> In this northern country there were many months of cold weather—sometimes piercing sub-zero temperatures and there were miles and miles to be travelled between the plants. Nevertheless the couple was grateful for the regular wages paid for the hard work.